

New Sprouts of the Highlands

an ETP Magazine

གངས་རིའི་སྐྱུག་གསར།

བོད་དབྱིན་ཆེད་དེ།

高原春蕾

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Does the Media Pay Too Much Attention to Celebrities?

2010BA ཆེ་རིང་གློ་ལྷོད། Myrtle

Nowadays celebrities are the most welcomed people all over the world. It is likely that fans and media are paying attention to every tiny movement of celebrities. Fans and reporters track celebrities everywhere, and, because of this, reporters received the name paparazzi. I strongly believe it does no good to pay too much attention to celebrities; allow me to provide reasons to support my viewpoint.

The first reason is that celebrities have their own life and own family to take care of. When the media tracks them everywhere, it causes many difficulties for them and their family members. For example, the famous Chinese actor Liudehua became the father of a cute girl, and the media wanted to see the infant so badly that they tracked Liudehua everywhere. He had to move from one place to another in order to protect his family.

In the second place, if the media pays too much attention to celebrities it is very harmful to the academic standards of teenagers. Many kinds of people are fans of different celebrities, but teenagers constitute the majority. Teenagers buy magazines instead of buying study materials. However, if the media stopped providing news about celebrities, teenagers would focus on their studies.

Apart from the points I made above, there is another reason I would like to provide. Sometimes, the media reports whatever news they get from the celebrities, even if it hurts or destroys them. When such bad news is announced, celebrities may be unable to bear the pressure and commit suicide.

In conclusion, if the media pays too much attention to celebrities it is unacceptable, because celebrities have their own life, it is harmful to teenagers, and it can even cause death.

Photo Essay: Making Cheese

These photographs were taken by Sha bo sgrol ma (ཤ་བོ་སྒྲོལ་མ། ZOE) in Gung chen གུང་ཆེན་ Village, Duofudan (ལྷོ་བཀ་ལྗན་) Township, Zeku (ཆེ་ཁོག་) County, Huangnan (མངའ་སྡེ་) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Qinghai (མཚོ་སྒྲོན་) Province.

The following pictures show the process of how to dry cheese. Usually, women make cheese. The first step is to milk the yak, then pour the milk into a bucket, and put the lid on the bucket and stir it for three or four hours until you have butter. After churning the milk into butter there is left over buttermilk called *da ra*, which is not good for drinking. Then you boil the *da ra* until it becomes fermented and then pour it into a mesh bag for about one day (depending on the weather) in order for it to dry.

Next, pour the soft cheese onto a big plastic tarp and separate it into small pieces. Then put four big stones on the sides of the plastic to weigh it down. Some people make scarecrows of people or animals near the drying cheese. People do this to discourage crows or magpies from eating the cheese.

The cheese on the plastic should be placed outside in the sun. If the weather is not good (for example, if it is rainy or windy), people collect the cheese and dry it the next day. After two or three days, the cheese will be dry and it can be stored in a plastic bag or basin. Cheese is very important in nomadic areas: people eat it with *rtsam pa* and also sell the surplus for extra income. The cheese might taste sour or plain, depending on the milk that made it.







འུར་ཆའི་ཕན་རུས།

༡༡འོད་དབྱིན་འཛིན་གྱ། གླལ་བཟང་སྒྲོལ་མ། Gloria

བོད་རྒྱལ་གནམ་རི་སྤང་བཅན་གྱི་དུས་ལ་བོད་མི་རིགས་ཀྱིས་འབྲོང་པོ་མོ་ནི་ཐོག་ཏུ་བརྟལ། བླ་བ་པོ་མོ་ནི་ལྷག་ཏུ་བརྟལ།
སྤང་གི་པོ་མོ་ནི་ཁྱི་ཏུ་བརྟལ། ཞེས་པའི་དུས་སུ་ཡང་འུར་ཆ་ལ་བརྟེན་པ་སྒྲོལ་མ་དགོས། སྤང་རྗེ་གེ་སར་རྒྱལ་པོས་ཕྱགས་
བཞིའི་རྒྱང་ཆེན་ཆམ་ལ་ཕབ། མ་ཟང་རྒྱལ་ངན་གྱི་གཉའ་ནས་མནན། གཉོམ་རྒྱུང་འབངས་ཀྱི་མཐའ་ནས་སྒྲོར་དུས་འུར་རྩོ་
པ་བོད་རྒྱུང་འཁོར་གྱིས་བྱས་རྗེས་མི་དམན་པ་བཞག་ཡོད། སྤྱི་ལོ་༡༩༥༥ལོར་དབྱིན་རིས་བོད་ལ་བཅན་འཇུལ་བྱེད་སྐབས་
བོད་མི་རིགས་ཀྱིས་དཔའ་ངར་ཆེན་པོས་བཅན་འཇུལ་བ་འགོག་ཆོལ་བྱེད་སྐབས་སུ་ཡང་འུར་རྩོ་བེད་སྤྱོད་བྱས་ཤིང་དེས་
ཕན་རུས་ཐོན་ཚུལ་ལ།

འཇམ་པོ་བལ་ལས་བཟོས་བའི།

འུར་རྩོ་རྒྱ་མིག་དགྱ་སྒྲིལ།

རྒྱ་མོའི་གཞུང་ནས་འཕངས་བས།

དབྱིན་རིའི་རྒྱ་ལ་ཕོག་སོང་། ཞེས་བའི་གནས་གཏོང་སྤོལ་ཡོད་པ་ལས་ཤེས་ཐུབ། དེ་ཉམས་ན་འུར་ཆ་ནི་བོད་རིགས་འབྲོག་
པའི་ཐོན་སྐྱེད་འཛོལ་བ་དང་ལྷན་དུ་དར་ཁྱབ་ཏུ་སོང་ཞིང་། དག་འགོག་གཙོས་ཕྱགས་རིགས་འཛོལ་གྱི་ལག་ཆ་ཐུན་མོང་མ་
ཡིན་པ་ཞིག་ཡིན་ལོ།

Fate's Cruel Joke

10BA གཡང་སྐྱབས་བྱུལ། Ruben

After Bsam 'phel departed from the monastery several years ago, he married a woman with a similar station in his father's village. He started to live a wonderful life, and determined that he would earn money and build a warm home.

A few years passed and Bsam 'phel had one boy and one girl. The small family was quite happy and his home was filled with laughter. Thus, villagers gradually began to regard him well and admire his vision as so different now from when he left the village for the monastery.

Bsam 'phel had a horribly pitiful childhood because he lost his mother's love when he was two years old. His father remarried another woman after his father entrusted Bsam 'phel to the monastery where his uncle worked as a cook. When he was seven years old, Bsam 'phel listened to his uncle's suggestions and became a monk in that monastery, engrossed in the study of Buddhism. Several years later, he became an illustrious monk, chanting scripture, and earned people's respect in surrounding villages. Additionally, he learned Chinese when he went to nearby markets to shop with his uncle.

Unfortunately, his uncle died in a traffic accident one day when he came back to the monastery from the market. Bsam 'phel repeatedly tried to get justice in court for his uncle's death, but nothing happened. Afterwards, Bsam 'phel's life had numerous changes, and he left the monastery with a conflicted mentality.

Maybe fate is the real judge for people like Bsam 'phel. His father was arrested, disturbing his tranquil life yet again. Because his father became a prisoner for protesting his village's grassland division, Bsam 'phel sold all of his property to help his father regain his liberty. His father was Bsam 'phel's only relative in the world after his uncle died. But, Bsam 'phel was not able to rescue his father from jail.

Finally, he faced the difficult situation of a divorce from his wife. He began to wander everywhere, and complained that he hated everyone. Unfortunately, one of his friends invited him to come to Xining City, where he joined a criminal organization.

From that time on, he became filled with hatred and took revenge on everyone who annoyed or betrayed him. Thus, he gradually became merciless and compassionless in everything he did. Simultaneously his rank elevated in the organization and he became a leader, where his many brethren began to call him 'brother' in that organization.

One Night's Dream

By 2011BA ལྷ་མོ་གཡང་སྒྲོན། Helen

Wearing a military uniform, I led many soldiers through a vast desert. There was no grass and no trees; only the sand and howling wind. We planned to fight the British troops. One difficulty was that we lacked food; all the soldiers looked like hungry beasts.

I heard noises in the distance. I put my ear to the ground to guess how many British soldiers there were, and by the sound of their hooves I could guess how many horses were coming towards us. I quickly said to my soldiers, "Prepare your weapons. I strongly believe we will win." In unison they said, "We will win!" But to my surprise as they raised their weapons, all I saw were such primitive things as swords, spears, and knives. We tried our best, but what could we do?

I was captured by the British troops. They put me in a big steel cage and brought me to their country. I was ashamed when many people in the street threw vegetables and eggs at me. I was too angry to keep quiet. I cried out, scolding them, "You bitches! We will win in the end. Don't be happy so early."

Suddenly, I heard an explosion, and I was woken by my younger brother's fart.

青涩流年

2011 英<藏> ལྷ་མོ་གཡང་སྒྲོན། 李措卓么 Angela

记得与朋友度过的许多夜晚总是在宿舍熄灯之后，彼此围坐在一起，轻声的说话。打打闹闹，都透出了一些单纯的小快乐。

直到老师突然地走进宿舍，要求我们马上'滚'回床上。于是便有了我们沉默不语的时刻，默默爬回到各自的床上。等老师关门离去后，一阵阵笑声便会从被窝里传出。

实在庆幸，我们还拥有此刻的年轻、稚嫩、单纯与傻气，无需太多的负担，也无需太多的顾虑。随着青春，我们怀揣着不切实际的梦想，我们用最真、最美的姿势奔跑着，体会着。开心时我们能肆无忌惮地大声高歌；痛苦时我们还能有朋友相伴着。我们的情绪简单明了，但却平凡而温暖。

我们都曾有过许多不切实际的想法。如果能长出翅膀，如果能环游世界……对于我们总有太多太多的如果。我们一直以姐妹相称，形影不离，什么都乐意一起分享。我们在一起吃小吃、听音乐、买廉价的小饰品。

那样快意的青春岁月，是我们用多少金钱也换不到的。然而，当我们站在三十岁的舞台回忆当年的情景，看到那些像曾经的自己一样嬉戏的少女时，会不会想念，会不会愉悦呢？

Do You Know Me? by 2012BA རིག་མཚོ། Elena

Hello everyone! I'm a Tibetan girl. My name is Rig mtsho and my English name is Elena. I'm from Gcan tsha County, Qinghai Province. I'm not pretty, but I think I'm very lovely. I have a round face and long hair.

I have a happy family. There are five people in my family: my grandfather, my parents, my younger sister, and me. My father and mother are famers. My younger sister is a middle school student. During vacations, my entire family is together and we have a good time.

At school, I work hard. I like Tibetan, English, and Math very much. I love my teachers and friends there, so I'm very happy. After school, I go home, do my homework, and read books. I help my mother do the housework. I watch TV. I also teach some children. Sometimes I go play with my friends.

I'm happy every day.

当大学生的感受

2012 英<藏> བ་སངས་རྒྱལ་མ། 巴桑卓玛 Morgan

还记得第一天到师大报道的时候，也就是我真正跨入大学校门的那一天。第一次感觉到了真正的陌生。班里的每一个学生都是我不认识的新面孔，他们陌生的性格、陌生的习惯、还有陌生的环境和语言。都让我有了到了地狱般的感觉。因为以前我一直生活在西藏，就算是活动范围最广的时候也没有离开过那片土地。

入学两周的时间里我的心情一直都不好。我选择的英语专业更是让我感觉到极度的陌生。对于以前从未接触过英语的我来说，英语成了我最大的担忧。虽然我很想表达一些内心的感觉，但却什么也说不上来。那是怎样一种难受的感觉啊！

然而幸运的是，经过班主任和其他老师的帮助和鼓励，我坚定了自己学习英语的信念。好在我的汉语和藏文的成绩都还不错，我就有了更多的时间去学习英语。如果我的英语水平好了，那么就不用担心以后出国旅游时的沟通问题了。那种感觉一定会很棒吧！

然而最让我意想不到的，是我们的专业还有几位外教。他们的授课方式使我很容易理解。自然的，我很有兴趣去学习英语。我的英语水平也有了很大的提高。我觉得我们专业的学生真是太幸运了。正是这些外教让我改变了最初对大学生生活的态度。

我也明白了大学并不是一个供我们娱乐的场所，它是我们获取知识的天堂。从此，我也了解了自己知识的浅薄；明白了时间的宝贵。我们应该以顽强的心态来面对生活中的一切苦难，不被现实所打败。让我们用成绩去证明自己并找到属于自己的舞台吧！



The Most Beautiful Flower by 2011 ཚེ་རིང་ལྷན་དཀར། Kim

Do you know what the most beautiful flower in the world is? Peony? Rose? Lotus? You may list the names of different flowers that you are fond of. I once asked my mother the same question, and looking at me with deep feeling, she answered, “My child, for parents, their children's smiling faces are the most beautiful flowers in the world.”

Our smiling faces are the most beautiful flowers in the world for our parents, but are you giving the most beautiful flowers to them every day? We have paid too much attention to our own things. How many times have you said angry words to your parents because you thought that they could not understand you? Have you ever imagined or worried about *their* anxious looks?

My friends, next time you see your parents, smile. Smile from your heart. That's the most precious gift for them. Let our life be brimming with smiles. Your sweetness predicts your brilliant future.

Silly Girl by 2011BA ཚེ་རིང་ལྷན་དཀར། Suzan

Once upon a time, there was a very beautiful place. Clean water surrounded the village and green trees were everywhere. The bank of the river was covered in colorful wildflowers. Carrie's family lived in the center of the village. They lived a simple, sweet life. Carrie's father, Eric, worked in the fields and her mother, Frederica, did housework at home.

Carrie was a pretty girl. She had beautiful bright eyes and a slim body. She was a diligent girl, but her imagination was overactive.

One day, Carrie was carrying a basin of milk on her head. She thought, if I had a hen, the hen will lay eggs and hatch chicks. After I feed the chicks to make them fat, I can eat the meat and eggs, and I can sell them at the mall for a good price. Then I can join a grand party. Some rich merchants and handsome boys will also join this party. They will be attracted to my beauty. Somebody will beg me to marry them. I will toss my head and say “NO!”

At that time the basin fell off her head and the milk spilled on the ground. Her dreams like bubbles drifted upward and disappeared. She hung her head and sat on the ground.

I Have a Dream

By 2012BA འདོད་ལྷན། Niko

“I have a dream.” Maybe when you hear these words, you can't help but remember the great speaker Martin Luther King. But you shouldn't be surprised to learn that even common people like me also have dreams.

Now, I will tell you about my dream. My dream is to become a teacher. “As Qinghai Normal University students, we will become teachers.” When I told people this, they were surprised. But, I would like to be a special teacher. What is special? It was a big question mark until I arrived at Qinghai Normal University, but when I arrived there I realized what special is. Teachers like Elena, Gerald, Dr. Dorji, Mr. Wu and so on, are great examples and also special people. They are responsible and punctual. They are also kind to everyone. They spend much time working for students and never waste time. I think their lives are colorful and meaningful.

If I have the opportunity, I will become like my teachers, because I not only have great examples, but many people are counting on me. All in all, it is said that actions speak louder than words. From now on, I will try my best.

Teaching Project Summary

By 2010BA བཙེ་བཀྲའ། Ed

Time

The teaching project began on the sixteenth of July 2012, and ended on the twenty-second of August 2012. During that time we took a ten-day holiday for the village harvest (2012/8/1—2012/8/12). In total, the teaching project went for twenty-six days. There were two classes in the morning and two in the afternoon. Each class took one hour, so there were four hours of teaching per day.

Expenditures

We purchased four kinds of books and thirty books of every kind. There were English ABC books, Tibetan history books, Tibetan linguistics books, and Tibetan story books. I invited a teacher from Qinghai University. I paid 1,046RM for the books and 800RMB for the teacher. The remaining 154.00RMB and 146.00RMB of my own were used for miscellaneous expenses. In total I spent 2146.00RMB for the teaching project.

Number of Students

More than fifty students joined in the beginning, but there were only twenty-two students by the end of the teaching project.

Reaction From the Villagers

The villagers were very surprised and hopeful when they heard about this teaching project, especially because they didn't need to pay more for the classes. They sent their children to my class enthusiastically, because training classes are usually too expensive for farming families. Also the student's study level is limited in my village and they don't have many chances to study during the holidays. There has never been a free teaching project before. So, I discovered that my teaching project was very important for them. The villagers respected and supported my work. The students were enthusiastic about the free class and did everything on time. They really liked the class activities. As a result, the villagers hope to enlarge the dimension of the teaching class during the next holiday. Therefore I plan to take any chances to offer village students a good study atmosphere. Moreover I'm going to try my best to help them improve their Tibetan and English. So, I think I must let them discover how important education is for their children.

གལ་ཏེ་བཤད་དགོས་ཆེ།

-- རང་འཛིན་གྲུ་ལ་གསོང་བོར་སྦྱས་པ།

༡༠བོད་དབྱིན་འཛིན་གྲུ། མདོ་མེད་པ་ཁ་དྲག Frank

ཁག་དང་པོ།

སྤང་བ་སྦྱིན་ལ་མ་འདྲེས་གོང་། རེ་བ་རྒྱུ་ཡིས་མ་ཁྱེར་གོང་།

འདྲུ་ར་འདི་ཡི་ཡང་དགྲིལ་དུ། རྩོད་གོས་གཏམ་གྱི་སྤྲིང་ལ་སེམ།

གཤེབ་ཀྱིན་གཤེབ་ཀྱིན་ཉྱལ་པར་གྱུར། འཛིངས་ཀྱིན་འཛིངས་ཀྱིན་གཡུང་ལ་ཕབ།

སེམས་ནས་ཐེན་པའི་ཡིག་འབྲུ་དེ། མིང་དང་ཆོག་གི་བར་ནས་རྙེད།

མཛེས་མཛེས་སྤང་བའི་གདོང་པ་དག། མེ་ཏོག་འགའ་ཡི་ཆེ་ལས་བཞེངས།

བདེན་བདེན་འདྲ་བའི་གཙམ་བྱ་འགའ། སྤང་ཆེ་བཀྱས་བའི་ཞལ་ནས་ཐོན།

ཤེས་ཡོན་ཐོབ་པའི་དན་རྟགས་སུ། ཁྲེལ་ལ་གཉོག་པ་ཁོ་ན་འོ།

བསམ་སྒོ་དབོས་བའི་མཐའ་མ་ལ། མ་མེ་མེན་ལ་གོ་བ་ཆགས།

འོས་སུ་བྱང་བ་འོས་མེན་ཏེ། འོས་ཀྱང་མེ་འོས་ཞེས་བརྗོད་བཞིན།

འོས་དང་མེ་འོས་གོ་འཛིལ་ན། ད་གཟོད་རྗེས་སུ་ཡི་རང་ངོ་།

ཁག་གཉིས་པ།

ད་ནི་གཞན་ཞིག་སྦྱ་བ་ལ། ཉོན་དང་ཉན་རྒྱ་འདི་འདྲ་འདུག།

ལྷག་པར་སྤྱི་ལ་བྱོད་མིན་པས། འཇིན་པའི་གཏམ་ཡང་ཞོར་ནས་ཤོར།

སེམས་པ་འཁེན་སའི་གྲང་མི་ཁྱོད། མ་བས་ཚགས་པའི་མགོན་པོ་འདྲ།

མ་སྤྱག་བབས་པའི་ཇ་ཐུན་འདི། ལང་ཚོའི་སྤྱ་གྲུ་ལ་དངས་ཚོག།

འུ་ཚེ་སྤེལ་པ་ཁེ་བོ་འདུག། སྲིད་པ་འདི་ནས་འཁྱོངས་ངེས་རེད།

སྤང་བ་ཞེ་ནས་མཐུན་ཚད་རེད། མས་བ་འབེལ་བོ་འཐུང་རྒྱ་སྲིད།

ཐུབ་པ་དགུས་བའི་ལམ་མིན་ཡང་། བ་མ་མས་བའི་ཐབས་ཡིན་ན།

འདི་ཡང་རྒྱ་འབྲས་ཡིན་ནོ་ཞེས། བསོད་ནམས་བསགས་པའི་ཕྱིར་དུ་སྤྱ།

སྲིང་བའི་ཚོག་ལ་མ་མི་བཏོད། བདེན་པའི་དོན་ལ་རྒྱན་མི་སྤྱས།

ཅི་ཙམ་ཐེག་པ་དེ་ཙམ་དུ། རྫོ་ཡི་ཁབ་མིག་ལ་བརྒྱས་ཡོད།

༢༠༡༢ལོའི་ཟླ༡༢ཚེས་༡༢དགོང་མོར།

ཞིབ་ཏུ་བསམས་དུས།

༡༩བོད་དབྱིན། མཁར་ནག་པ་ཚོ་བོ་སྤྱབས། Frank

རྩ་ཅིའི་ཟེལ་བ་ལྷ་བུའི་བཅེ་དྲང་གི་མིག་ཐུ།

དབྱར་གྱི་ཚ་བ་ལྷ་བུའི་བསྐྱེད་ཀྱི་ཙེད་པས་བསྐྱེམས་ཤུལ་ན། མི་སེམས་སྤོང་ལོ་སེར་པོའི་སྤྱོད་འཇུག་གི་རི་མོ་དག

འཚོ་བའི་གཙང་

ཆེན་གྱི་ཅ་སྐབས་དོགས་ན་གང་སར་གཡོ།

གཡོར་གྲར་འདྲ་བའི་ལུས་རྟེན་གང་མང་།

འཁོར་བའི་གནས་ན་ཕྱོགས་ངེས་མེད་དུ་འབྱུངས།

བྱ་སྤྱག་ལྷར་གཤོག་པ་བརྒྱངས་ཏེ་གཙང་བའི་པ་རོལ་ཏུ་སྤྱོད་མཁན་གིན་ཏུ་ཅུང་། ཤིན་ཏུ་ཅུང་།

༢༠༡༢ལོའི་ཟླ༡༡ཚེས་༢༧ལ།

My Hometown

By 2012BA གསལ་སྒྲུབ། Nicole

My hometown is a beautiful place. It is called Tibet. Tibet is located in southwest China. Many years ago, it was a poor and backward place. A lot of people had no work. They lived a hard life.

In 1959, my hometown was liberated. Since then, great changes have taken place there. For example, factories, schools, hospitals, and shops have been built one after another. The life of the Tibetan people has greatly improved.

I love my hometown very much, so I want to do something meaningful for it. As a student, I study hard, especially English. The reason is that English is an international language and it is the most useful language in the world. I must learn it well, because by doing so, I can introduce the history and culture of Tibet to foreigners.

I love my hometown very much, because there are many temples such as the Potala palace, Sera, Zhe feng, Gandan and Daxiaozhao. Another reason why I love Tibet is that Tibetans believe in Buddhism, and I do too.

In my eyes, Tibet is a holy place. So, I want to welcome everybody to visit my hometown.

Photo Essay: Yi Clothing

These images of Yi women's traditional dress were taken in Dahuoshan Village, Jinjiang Town, Shangrila County, Diqing Prefecture, Yunnan Province. All photographs by Bao Guoping 鲍国平.





我们的节日—三朵节

2012 英<藏> 墨政秀 Maggie

我是一个纳西族女孩，我的名字叫墨政秀，纳西名叫七华命。因为我是七月份出生的，所以家人根据我们当地的传统习俗为我取了这个名字。我的家乡在云南省香格里拉县的三坝乡。

关于纳西族三朵节的记载有很多，因此每个地区的说法都不一样。但总的内容都是一样的：农历的二月初八，是我们家乡别具一格的祭祀活动，即三朵节。它又被称为'嗨硕'（祭天）。一般是为了祭奠我们乡的神山—白山而命名的，这座山也是纳西族地区最受有名的神灵寄居的神山之一。

关于三朵节古籍多有记载，但是我觉得最有意思的还是民间各种各样的传说。我们家乡关于它的传说是这样的：三朵是一个牧羊的老人，他一共有九个兄弟，而且个个都神勇无比。他们统领和保护着三坝这边的纳西族人民。在他们的统领下，我们地区的人民都过着和谐幸福、丰衣足食的生活。

而当他们仙逝以后，就变成了九座连在一起的白山。当地人民为了纪念这几位统领，规定每年的二月八这天都要聚集到白山的九仙峰下，进行盛大而隆重的祭天活动。在那天早晨，家家户户都要早起，不论男女老幼都要穿上我们纳西族的传统服装。然后带上祭天的食物和东西，聚集到神山脚下。而且每家的男人在那天都要骑装扮好的马到神山下，以示对九仙的尊敬。

到了山脚下，人们都要烧香，然后由族里备份高的长老们组织祭祀，之后人们会聚在一起娱乐。还会举行对歌、赛马、跳舞等活动。一般都会有很多人参加，异常的热闹，隆重。这正如一句诗歌中写的那样：“年年春二月，家家祝三朵。”

Dear Dad, I Will Elope With Jack by 2011BA བསྐྱེད་འཛིན་གསལ་མཛད། Keith

Standing in front of his daughter's room, Father noticed that it was too clean and tidy. He was very surprised. His daughter was 15. She was obsessed with fashion. She was always dressed fashionably and didn't usually have a clean room. But today, her room was unusually spotless. Father walked in, and strangely, saw a letter on the quilt. He felt that something had happened, and began to read the letter anxiously.

Dear Father:

When I wrote this letter, I felt very guilty, but I must tell you I have left home with Jack, because I know you and Mother would stop me from marrying him. So, I have eloped with him. We love each other very much and no one can impede our sweet wedding.

I believe you will like Jack. There are many tattoos on his body: dragons, tigers, lions, and such things. His hair is different from everyone else's. I like it very much. He is the man in fashionable clothes you saw in the picture last Monday. You don't know, but I must tell you today. I'm pregnant, and the baby is Jack's.

Jack said he will take care of me and our baby. I believe him, so I decided to live with him. Even though we don't have enough money, we can live happily. He is just 30 years older than me, but love doesn't count years. Of course, Jack has a lot of girlfriends, but I trust him. He will love me in a different way. Jack thinks hemp is not harmful for your health, so we can plant a lot of hemp in the garden.

At last, I hope the doctor can find a way to cure AIDS and if they find it, they can help Jack, and he will be in better health than now. Then we can live happily with our baby.

Father nearly fainted when he read this. At that time, he saw some words on the bottom of the page. This is not the end. The end is on the back of the page. Father looked at the back of the page immediately and started to read.

Dad! What you just read before is not true. The truth is I failed my examination this term, and my report card is on the table. After you sign your name on it, make sure you will not beat me. Then please call me and I will come back home. I am staying at Uncle's house right now. The reason why I wrote this letter is because I want to let you know, there many things worse than failing exams. See you soon.

我是我
2011 英<藏> རྩོམ་པ་དཔལ་ལྷོ། 毛俄 Astrid

秋风带着夜晚的清香，
轻柔地拂过我的发梢，
我停住漫步的脚步，
猛然感到星光肆无忌惮地穿过指缝。
于是，
一种想法突然如流星般划过我的脑畔，
我是谁？
我是我，一个平凡的花季少女。
喜欢春天的蒲公英，喜欢夏天的鸣蝉。
当然，也爱秋日的阳光和隆冬的白雪。
喜欢雨，像天使的泪珠洒到每一个人的身上，
滋润每一颗干枯的心灵。
喜欢雪，像漫天的鹅毛厚厚地铺满了大地，
可以尽情享受雪世界里的宁静。
喜欢风，喜欢自然
——上帝赐给我们的恩赐。
我曾渴望成为莎士比亚，
让一部部悲喜剧洗涤世人的灵魂。
渴望成为李白，
让一句句的诗歌为世人所传唱。
渴望成为达芬奇，
用蒙娜丽莎的微笑吸引所有的人。
但，我是我。
我不愿重复莎士比亚的《哈姆雷特》，
不想重吟李白的‘飞流直下三千尺’。
我要创造出我的风格，
让我的天资插上洁白的翅膀。
尽情翱翔在艺术和智慧的高空。
我就是我，
不必模仿伟人，不必重复知识，
不必克隆历史，也不必拷贝他人的成功。
独一无二的我，何不用自己的才华，
去创造一片自己的大地？
记得曾经在一个秋日的夜，问过自己：“我是谁？”
现在我可以明确地回答：“我就是我。”
我有优点，也有缺点，
但至少我没有丢失自己，我依旧是我。

My Hero

by 2011 BA 罗仕琴 Linda

Who is my hero? My hero is an ordinary person. Now, I will tell you a story about my hero my so you will know them.

One night when I was five years old, my mother, my elder sister, my younger brother and I went to my aunt's home. At ten o'clock as we were half way home, there was a big stone on the road, but my sister didn't see it. When she stepped on that stone, it accidentally fell on my right leg. My leg couldn't move. My mother didn't realize what had happened, and she just pulled my hand and walked. But, I couldn't move. Finally, my dear mother saw that. She felt afraid and worried. Then my sister began to cry. They removed the big stone. My mother asked me how I felt. I felt my leg and I couldn't move it, so I couldn't walk home. I thought maybe my bone was broken. So, my mother put me on her back.

We went to find a doctor in our village. The doctor gave me some medicine and used some wood to make a splint for my leg. Then we went home. That night I couldn't fall asleep, because my leg was so painful. My mother also couldn't fall asleep.

The next day, I stayed at home. Because my father wasn't at home (he had gone to make money for my family), we didn't have enough people to send me to hospital. The day after that, my father came back and took me to hospital. The doctor was angry with my father and said, "If you came to the hospital one day later, her leg would have been be incurable." I was afraid too.

The next month, my father and I stayed in the hospital. I couldn't walk. Of course, I also couldn't play with my sister and brother. I was so lonely, but my father told me many stories and jokes. He cooked food for me, washed my clothes and gave me medicine every day. Gradually, I could walk and run. Finally my leg was as good as new, but my father's hair had become whiter than before.

My heroes are my parents, because I think they are so great and kind. They sent all of their children to school. In my village no family but mine sent all their children to school, even though my family is not rich. They tried their best to give us a comfortable life. I think we are so lucky. So, my heroes are my parents, I love them. They will live in my heart forever.

Many years ago, a guy called Tsering lived in my village. He was an orphan and was adopted by his Uncle, Tserhong, when he was ten years old. He went to school with me. His uncle and other family members were very kind to him. He was a good student and his teachers and family were proud of him.

He died five years ago, but he is still fresh in my memory. His voice and face are still vivid in my mind. He was very cheerful and smart. He also had a very good sense of humor, so students and teachers liked him. In short, I am honored that we were fated to be friends, and I am very proud to have known such a person. We were from the same village and went to the same school, so he and I had a deep friendship with each other. Sometimes, I still wonder why our destinies were so entangled. Perhaps it's fate! We studied together from the carefree time of elementary school until junior high school. I recall that he was very smart in elementary school and was able to get first place in every exam, but he did not care about awards and proudly continued to study hard. He truly was an excellent student. Many years quickly passed like running water. Tsering grew up and became a middle school student. He was still my classmate and we were best friends and lived together.

Once when we were in primary school, I made a mistake and was punished by our teacher. Tsering comforted me, saying, "Come on! Do your best. Never give up. I believe in you and can help you if you need me." When I heard those sweet-sounding words, I felt very excited and deeply encouraged. I decided to continue my struggle. So, from that time we always worked together and he helped me every day in class. He guided me and encouraged me to be brave. Actually I was a really lazy student before, but thanks to his help I became more diligent. He also made me more self-confident than before. I was very happy because I had Tsering's help and thus made great progress.

We two were admitted to our new school. I already knew that he was adopted by his uncle because he had no parents. I knew that his family was not very wealthy, so I guessed his uncle almost certainly would not let him go to school. I never thought that his uncle would actually let him go on to secondary school, so I almost couldn't believe that Tsering was allowed to continue his studies with me. But, with permission from our families, we continued our studies.

In high school, Tsering slowly began to change and became very quiet. I do not know why this happened. High school teachers often called him to their office to chat, but he never said anything. I began to worry that he would not be able to come to school. At school we helped each other, and learned from each other as before, but I

always felt something was different. His sense of humor became very abnormal. I knew he was so sad, but I did not know exactly why he was so sad.

One freezing winter's day, we two as usual got up, washed faces and went to do our morning exercises, and eat breakfast. When we finished breakfast, he suddenly asked me a very strange question. He said, "Renchin, if you knew you were going to die, what would you do before that? "

I was surprised, and touched his head and said, "I do not know. I never thought about it. What's wrong with you my friend? Why are you suddenly asking me such a strange question? What's on your mind?"

He smiled at me, and patted me on the shoulder and said, "Nothing happened. I'm just asking. Eat quickly, otherwise we will be late to class."

After that conversation we never talked about death again. We studied together and sometimes played a basketball. Most of all, he liked to run, so we often had races. I always won. He often smiled and said, "If life was a race, then I am sure you would win"

Time flew into the third semester. We began to enter the tense phase of review, because we had to face the final exam. The school campus was mired in winter depression, that day. Snow was falling and the ground was covered in a thick coat of snow. People's footsteps creaked loudly on the soft powder. The school announced a ten day holiday, so we all went home. I left with Tsering, and along the way he seemed very excited, but I could see that he actually was very sad. When we arrived at the village, I went to his home. His family was warm-hearted, especially his uncle, who treated Tsering like his own son.

Now it is three years later. Tsering has already left this world, and I've already become a university student. Though he has been dead for many years, I still don't know why, in my memory he is still alive. His voice, face, and words are still in my memories. He seems to whisper in my ear gently, "To live in this world, do not have regrets. If you work hard, then you can we can overcome all difficulties."

Tsering still guides me. He changed my study and changed my life. I will remember him forever.



什么是幸福

2011BA 蒋建星 (Shanon)

曾经有一位作家说过：“幸福是一个谜，你让一千个人来回答，就会有一千种答案。”

但依我看，幸福就是一种感觉。这种感觉应该是愉快的，使人心情舒畅的，甜蜜快乐的。美国埃里希·弗罗姆给幸福下了这样一个定义：“幸福它与愉快在性质上没有什么区别，它与愉快不同的是；愉快只涉及某种单一行动，而幸福是某种持续和一体化的快感。”

追求幸福不等于追求财富，因为幸福是一种感觉和感受，你纵有万贯家财但仍就不满足，不快乐，不幸福。也有人财产不多却因为懂得满足，而笑口常开。正因为如此，老子才告诉我们——知足常乐。

所以，幸福在哪里呢？它就像一个隐身的天使，无处不在。你因有幸福而温暖；我因有幸福而充满自信；他因有幸福而自豪。幸福躲在太阳里，一杯热茶，一份晚报，阅读的快乐便是幸福。幸福躲在机会里，每当有人觉得失魂落魄时，它便把自己的每一部分献给失望的人。用自己的小机会组织带给别人新的希望与活力。

曾经，读到过一句很暖心的话，它是这样说的：“快乐是一桶水，幸福是一口很深很深的井。”对啊！我们应该把思想的重担卸下来。有时候，把自己埋藏得太深，反而会有幸福吓跑了。

多给自己的心灵透透气，多让自己的思想呼吸一些新鲜的氧气。幸福就在我们身边。对我而言，我感恩于现在拥有的一切。父母都很健康，我能够在大学校园里学习，这便是幸福。

生活所能给我们的，都要欣然接受，把心态放低些，幸福离我们不远。

ཨ་མ་ལགས།

༡༠པོ་དབྱིན། རྟེན་མོ་རྒྱལ། (Rebecca)

ཨ་མ་ལགས། རྣམ་རྒྱུན་ཡོད་ཚད་སྤྱིང་འཇགས་ཀྱི་གཏིང་དུ་སེམ་པའི་འཇམ་ཐིང་ཐིང་གི་མཚན་སྡེད་ལྟེན་ལྟེན་གྱི་དྲ་གསེབ་བར་
ནས། དཀར་གསལ་གྱི་ཟླ་བ་དལ་གྱིས་འཕགས་པ་མཐོང་དུས་དེས་ཀྱི་གཞོན་ཤ་ཉམས་ཤིང་བརྟེན་མདངས་ཤོར་བའི་སྐྱ་མདོག་གི་ཞལ་རས་
དེ་སྤྱིང་ནས་དུན་བྱུང་། ལག་བྱུང་སྤྱིང་ཁར་བཞག་ནས་ཡང་ཡང་སྒྲོམ་ན་དུན་འཛིན་གྱི་ཤེལ་དཀར་ངོས་ལ་འོད་མདངས་ཀྱིས་འཛོར་འོངས་བ་ནི་
འཆི་མེད་བདུད་མེའི་ཐེགས་པ་སྟེ་ཨ་མ་ཀྱེད་ཀྱི་སྤྱིང་གི་བསྐབ་བྱ་རེད།

ཨ་མ་ལགས། དེ་རིང་ང་སློབ་སྦྱང་ན་ཡོད་གང་མཛོམས་གང་ཞིས་ཀྱི་འཛོམས་ལོངས་སྤྱོད་དུས། ད་གཞོད་ཀྱི་དཀའ་ཕྱག་གི་ལོ་རྒྱུས་
བརྟེན་པའི་གཉེར་མ་རེ་རེ་ནི་བྱ་མོ་དའི་མདུན་ལམ་ལ་བཟོས་པའི་ཐེམ་སྐྱེས་རེ་རེ་ཡིན་པ་གཞི་ནས་ཚོར་བྱུང་ལ་དའི་མཛོམས་སྤྱག་གི་མདུན་
སྡེད་ལ་བཟྱག་མདངས་སྤྱས་མཁན་ཡང་ཨ་མ་ཀྱེད་ལས་གཞན་མིན་པ་རྟོགས་བྱུང་། ཞིབ་འདད་རེ་བརྟེན་ན་བྱ་མོ་དའི་ཆེད་དུ་ཀྱེད་ཀྱི་རྩལ་
ཁྱེད་གི་བཅུར་རྒྱན་དགུ་ཆ་དང་འདྲེས་ཤིང་སེམས་ཁྲེལ་གྱི་རེ་བོས་ལུས་པོ་མནན་སྤྱོད་ཡོད་པ་ནི་ཤེས་རྒྱུན་གྱིས་ཟེན་པའི་སྐྱེ་བོ་སྤྱི་ཞིག་གིས་མི་
ཚོར།

དུང་མོར་བཤད་ན། ཀྱེད་ཀྱི་རྒྱུད་དུས་ཀྱི་ལང་ཚོ་བསྐྱེད་མཁན་ང་ཡིན་ལ་ནས་དུས་ཀྱི་ཁ་རྒྱབ་འཕྲོག་མཁན་ཡང་ང་ཡིན་པས། སྤྱིས་པ་
འདྲིར་ངས་ཀྱེད་ཀྱི་བཀའ་འདྲི་རྩེ་རྩེ་གཞི་ནས་ལུས་སམ། ཨ་མ་ལགས།

ཨ་མ་ལགས། འབའ་འབུར་མི་སྟོམས་པའི་ལམ་ཕྱན་རྟོག་པས་མཐོན་དུས། འཕྱ་སྤོང་དང་ཟུར་ཟུག་ཉའ་གཞོན་དང་མཐོང་རྒྱུད་། ཁྲེལ་
དགོད་དང་མྱ་ཁ་སོགས་མདུད་གི་རྩལ་གྱིས་མདུད་ཡི་ཉམས་ཀྱིས་བདག་གི་སྤྱིང་ཁར་བཟོས་ན་ཡང་། ཨ་མ་ལགས་ཀྱི་དྲོད་པས། དའི་སྒོ་ཅ་
བཏན་ཞིང་སེམས་ཅ་བཀའ། དེ་བས། ཀྱེད་ནི་སྤྱི་ལུས་ནས་སྤྱི་ལུས་རྒྱུན་པའི་དའི་དཔག་བསམ་གྱི་སྒྲོན་པ་ཡིན་ལ། ཀྱེད་ནི་མཐུ་ཆེན་གྱི་འདྲེ་མིན་
དམ་ལ་འདོགས་པའི་ཡིད་བཞིན་གྱི་དབྱིག་པའང་ཡིན།

རི་གྲོང་ན་འཛོམས་པའི་དའི་སྤྱིང་གི་ཨ་མ་ལགས། བདེ་བར་བཞགས་དང་། ཀྱེད་ཀྱིས་སྤྱིན་པའི་བདག་གི་ཡོད་ཚད་དྲ་སྤྱིན་གྲབས་ཡོད་
པས། འཕྱལ་དུ་ལུས་པའི་ཀྱེད་ཀྱི་མི་ཆོ་སྤྱག་མར་བྱ་མོངས་གཅེས་སྤྱས་བྱེད་ངས། རྣམ་ཞིག་དའི་ཕྱགས་བསམ་ལ་མཛོམས་སྤྱག་གི་མི་རྟོག་བཞད་ཆོད་
དུས་ལྟ་མ་བྱ་གཉིས་ཀྱིས་ཞིས་མངར་གྱི་ཆེ་བརྟེན་ལོངས་སྤྱོད་ལ།

འདུ་འཛི་ལང་ལོང་གི་གཞིས་བྱེས་སྤྱན་རྒྱ། ཀྱེད་ཚོས་ཤེས་སམ། བདག་གི་ཨ་མ་ནི་དོད་འཇམ་གྱི་ཉེ་མ་ཡིན། འོད་དཀར་གྱི་ཟླ་བ་ཡིན། དང་
འཇིག་རྟེན་འདྲིའི་ཆེས་རྒྱབས་ཆེན་གྱི་མི་སྤྱི་ཡང་བདག་གི་ཨ་མ་གཅིག་བྱ་ཡིན།

དེ་བས། རྟོད་གོང་ང་རྒྱལ་དང་ཁེངས་དེགས་ཡོད་ཚད་མྱི་རུ་ཕུངས་སྟེ།

ཨ་མ་ཞེས་ཤུགས་ཆེན་པོས་ཐིངས་གཅིག་བོས་ནས་ཁོར་ལུག་འདྲིའི་བྱ་ག་སོ་སོར་ངས་ཨ་མ་དུན་པའི་གདུང་བ་རེ་རེ་སེམ་ཏུ་བརྟེན་ན་
འདོད།

༡༠༡༠པོར་ཐིངས་དང་པོར་ཨ་མར་ཁ་བཤལ་ནས་སློབ་ཆེན་འགྲིམས་རྒྱས།

远方没有终点

2012 英(藏) 岗措卓玛 གངས་མཚོ་གྲོལ་མ། Sylvia

题记：感谢生活中的种种不完美，才让我对明天充满期待。

是从什么时候开始呢？开始伤感岁月的流逝，开始想念过去的生活，开始深思活着的意义，开始怀疑自己的初衷…… 是因为懂的太多，还是知道的太少？

是因为成熟了吧，看到身边花一样年轻的脸庞，不禁生出一些羡慕。年轻总是让人向往的，而我所定义的年轻并不是生理意义上的。谁都在名义上年轻过，年轻总是那么肆无忌惮，那么不可一世。那时我们总以为自己就是世界的中心，谁都要围着自己转，谁都该爱自己，殊不知这样的自己是多么幼稚，多么可笑，然而漫漫人生路上这样的年轻却又是必备的。

随着时间的推移，逐渐向社会低头，逐渐被铐上枷锁，无法挣脱。社会的残酷给了我很多教训，带给我伤痛与泪水，无助的挫败感让我一次又一次绝望，然而有一种叫做自尊的东西始终让我倔强地不肯臣服于这个社会，于是慢慢地学会了，在一次又一次的舔舐伤口后变得圆润光滑，无所谓喜怒哀乐，只有表面欢颜，习惯假装。在物欲横流的年代，麻木地追求着想象中的完美，然后迷失了自己……

累了，累了。其实跳出来想想，何必呢？还是孩子啊，或许该丢弃虚荣的自尊，选择自己所爱的道路，自由且快乐的活着，回归内心的宁静乐土，过自己的生活，不在乎别人怎么看。做一个俗人，鲜活地活着，真正体会痛苦与快乐，有一个可爱的心上人，和永不磨灭的热情，告诉自己：别担心，你看，太阳还没落下去呢！

རང་གྲོལ།

༡༡ བོད་དབྱིན་འཛིན་གྲ། ཞོ་བཟང་ཆོ་བརྟན་རྒྱལ།

ཐུན་ནག་གི་རམས་ཁ་མཐུག་ས་ན། གསལ་སྒྲོང་གི་ཉི་ཟེར་དབེན།

རབ་དཀར་གྱི་གངས་རིའི་ཁྲོད་ནས། ཁྲོད་ཀྱིས་ཉི་མ་ལ་ཡའི་མཐོ་ཆད་འཇལ་ཕྱོད་ལ། ཁྲི་ཤོར་རྒྱལ་མོའི་ཞེང་
ཆད་ཀྱང་འཇལ་ཕྱོད་།

གཡོ་དང་སྐྱུ་མ་ཡི་འཆོ་བའི་བསྟོ་གནས་འདིར།

ཁྲོད་ཀྱིས་ལྷ་རིག་བང་མཛོད་ཀྱི་ཆུ་གཏོར་སྐྱོད་ལ།

སྒྲེགས་བམ་པོད་ཉི་ཡི་གྲུ་གཟིངས་བཏང་ཕྱོད་།

ཡིན་ནའང་། སྒོ་པམ་པའི་ཉེས་པ་དག་གིས། ཁྲོད་ཀྱི་ཆོ་སྒྲོག་གི་གཟུང་ཐག་ཤ་མོ་ལོག་རྟོག་རལ་གྲིས་མང་
ནས་བཅད།

ད་རྟ་ངས་ཤེས་ཡོད།

སྐྱེས་བུ་ཞིག་གི་འོས་འགན་ངོ་མ་ཕྱག་རྒྱ་བབས་པའི་ན་ཆོད་ལ།

ཁྲོད་རང་འཁྱོད་པ་དང་སྐྱོ་གདུང་མེད་པར།

མིག་ཆུ་དང་ཞེན་ཆགས་མེད་པར།

ཕྱག་རྟོག་དང་གཡོ་སྐྱུ་མེད་པའི་ཞིང་ཁམས་ཤིག་ལ་ཆས་སོང་བ་དེ།

མི་རིགས་ཤིག་གི་སོས་མི་ཐུབ་པའི་མ་ཁར་གྲུབ།

སྐྱེས་ཆེན་ལགས།

Every day is a part of life, and every second can create new life experiences. One year passes incredibly fast. What did I do this year? What did I achieve? I thought about these two questions for a long time, but maybe today I can give a thoughtful answer.

Teaching is my passion, and while I was teaching in the Lung bzang boarding school I learnt and achieved a lot. Of course, there were lots of new things in everyday school life, but today I will offer some special experiences to describe my teaching life and some experiences related to school.

I started to teach just after the last winter holiday. During this year I joined about twenty trainings in Nanjing and Beijing for different purposes.

Last semester I joined a computer training in Nanjing. The school sent me because I am the youngest teacher and know a few things about computers, whereas most of the teachers know nothing about computers. In Nanjing they trained us in basic computer skills such as how to use Word, Excel, PPT, and how to use the Internet. We joined a group of teachers from different schools in Mtsho lho Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture.

During that time we also went to visit ten schools in Nanjing, and watch some specialist classes. From my point of view, there were big differences between my school and the schools in Nangjing, because all the schools in Nanjing have computer rooms and multi-media classroom.

Afterwards, I came back to school from the training in Nanjing. I started to make a magazine for the school. The magazine was mainly about school life: students' activities, teachers' teaching, and changes in the school environment, such as new buildings, and new teachers' apartments. There were also some articles in the magazine that were written by the teachers in school, and were mainly about the school's improvement after the school got a new leader. So during that semester, I didn't teach much and only worked on these kinds of work.

At the beginning of the second semester, I told the school leader that my major was English in the college, and that I hoped to teach English in the school. The school leader agreed with me, so I taught English for grade four. I was so happy to teach in the school, and I used some different teaching styles, because I learned several new teaching methods while in ETP.

After one month, the school sent me to join a training in Beijing, which taught us how to use new teaching methods in our real teaching. For me, all the

training was easy, because I already learned those teaching methods in the school. But, of course, I got a lot of new experiences during the training in Beijing, such as visiting lots of elementary schools in Beijing; their school life is much better than in my school.

There is an annual teaching competition in Dar mtsho County, and during this competition around thirty county leaders and good teachers come to each school and watch several teachers classes. Then they give a score for the school and each teacher. So this year, I joined the teaching competition to represent all the teachers in Lung bzang School. Finally, I got number one from among all the Tibetan teachers in Dar mtsho County, and they said they had never seen such a natural and free class in their life.

I think this is just a general description of one year's experience. Finally, I have had good experiences, and I hope I will get more experience in the future.

Photo Essay: Prostration prints by 2010BA ཚེ་རིང་གླིང། Myrtle

These two footprints were made by a devout monk. The monk is a doctor who prostrated for about 17-18 years and left the marks of his feet and sliding hands on the floor. He prostrated in front of the 'Jam pa'i dbyangs (འཇམ་པའི་དབྱངས།) statue in the 'Jam dbyangs khang (འཇམ་དབྱངས་མཆོད་ཁང།) Temple around 5,000 times per day. Now he still prostrates around 500 times each day at a different temple. A monk told me that he has almost worn another set of his footprints at this new temple.







Qinghai Minorities Charity Fund

Plateau Cultural Heritage Protection Group

Plateau Cultural Heritage Protection Group (PCHP) began in 2005 and was officially registered as sub-group of Qinghai Minorities Charity Fund. Because in recent decades, the oral traditions are rapidly vanishing on Tibetan, PCHP is working to encourage and training youths to preserve cultural heritage on the Tibetan Plateau.

PCHP selected 20 students from English Training Program (ETP) of Qinghai Normal University in 2012 and PCHP provided various trainings to the students during the weekends of the first semester from April to July. The provided trainings was about traditional cultural awareness, cultural documentary film discussion and technical skills, such as video editing, Photoshop, and the use of cameras and recorders. The aim of the training is to build traditional cultural awareness and improve their technical skills to produce valuable DVDs. The 20 students sacrificed their free time to attend all the training and made significant improvement.

Ten students conducted fieldwork during the summer holiday in their home communities and during the National holiday five students conducted fieldwork. With their hard working they recorded 199 oral literature or songs with metadata and took 4,406 Photos from their communities.

After they returned from fieldwork, students worked on editing video slideshows and 10 students completed video slideshows and five students are working on video slideshows now. They work on video slideshow when they have no classes during the afternoon and weekends. With their hard work they learned many things and made great contributions for future generations.

They are going to burn DVDs with their video slideshows and then distribute the DVDs to their home communities in the coming winter holiday, and the community will evaluate the content of the DVDs to get their feedback and suggestions.

In 2012, students attended more training and spent more time to work on their video slideshows than last year, along with documented the oral traditions as well.

Students are practicing how to use recorders in the office of PCHP.



Mgon bo mtsho is conducting fieldwork in Klu chu County, Gansu Province.



Students are editing their video slideshow in the PCHP office.



A PCHP Member's Report by 2010BA གཡང་རྒྱལ་ཁྱེད། Ruben

After I trained for four months in the music project with teacher Libu Lakhi, during the first semester of 2011, I departed Xining City and journeyed to my hometown to collect traditional oral traditions which will soon disappear. Throughout the time during that holiday, I stayed in Rdza rgon Village and recorded folksongs, Mani song, praise songs, and flute songs. During the recording, I encountered some problems. For example, the singers were very shy and nervous when I recorded them and therefore I needed more time with them in order to record a song completely. Also, external noise was a big problem when I was recording. So, sometimes I needed to get up quite early and visit the singer's homes when other people were still sleeping. Fortunately, even though taking very clear and beautiful photos was difficult for me, I was very interested in photography. A flute song I recorded illustrates a horse's faithfulness to his owner and his miserable journey when he came back to home after he escaped from a thief's hands. The horse listened to that flute music from faraway place and looked for his former owner.



Bridge of Love

by 2010BA 鲍国平 Pamela

During the summer holiday of 2010, I was lucky enough have the chance to do an educational project. The site was in Xinglong Primary School in Xinglong Village, Jingjiang Township, Shangri-la County, Diqing Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Yunnan Province, China. In total we had 120 students and four teachers. I applied for this project from Teacher Luke. I applied for 4,800 RMB and found another three teachers. All of them were college students and all were from Shangri-la County. We taught English, Chinese, and Mathematics. In total, we spent twenty days carrying out our plan. In the end, both teachers and students were satisfied with the results.

We faced many challenges when doing this project. For me, there was a lot to think about as the manager. Also, all of us lacked teaching experience. Finally, the situation of rural education is not very good, and so we faced many challenges in that regards.

Nonetheless, this was a meaningful experience. The world is full of love, and if we extend our hands we can spread love everywhere, especially to those who most need our help. As long as we build such bridges of love, we are not alone. Thanks for everyone who helped me build a bridge of love.



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